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In The Light of Economic Chaos

CAN THE YOUTH MOVEMENT SURVIVE?

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How does the economic chaos affect the "Youth Movement"? First we must see what is going on.

From two declarations quoted in the "Clarte" is seems that the French motive is double:

First, the disruption of Germany.

Second, the carrying out of the declarations of the Comite des Forges.

Politically the French Government is working in concert with Bavaria for the establishment of a separate Bavarian State. She is publishing newspapers and playing all sorts of political games to create a separate Rhineland to include the Ruhr. By her deliberate refusal to make terms with Herr Streseman she shows that her aim is not reparations. When a government is satisfied to negotiate with business magnates instead of the constituted government, the motive seems evident.

Economically, the French Government is carrying out the designs of the Comite des Forges. When French magnates are willing to purchase stocks in German concerns they are themselves making the question of reparation impossible. It is an acknowledged fact that when the German government attempted to socialize the coal mines and other industries in order to control the payment of reparations, Stinnes & Co. exchanged their stocks with the French and other European countries. This prevented France from confiscating the industries in this section, because whenever the attempt was made at confiscation, she received claims from other foreign countries.

The question is, can the Germans pay? The German people as such have paid and are paying all they can towards the support of their government. The Social Democrats are willing to pay, but with what? The German government even offered to let her capacity to pay be determined by arbitration. To this the French made no reply. Can a people do more?

When you understand that 90% of what constitutes taxes is paid by the clerks and workers, and that the industrialists are paying just about one tenth, you can understand the situation. When the mark began to fall, Stinnes offered to lend the government enough gold, provided the government would turn over the railroads to him. If that had been done, he would have been complete master of Germany today. For the industrialists, it would be better it

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An Embassy of Understanding

By BRUNO LASKER
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for Christian Way of Life

In all the talk about American relations to Europe, one fundamental truth is often overlooked. If history teaches one thing clearly, it is that in peace and mutual helpfulness among nations a strong web of personal connections is worth more than all treaties and international machinery; indeed without such connections, political organization for common ends is a brittle thing that may snap under the impact of slight forces. Hence, at the present time the reknitting of all sorts of international ties, commercial, scientific, reformatory, artistic, religious, is the strongest guarantee of better understanding and cooperation. Of quite particular value in this connection is the growing exchange of visits and experiences among the younger generation. We have seen in America the strongest English university debating team take up the cudgell for the accepted English policy on the Rhur question. It is to be hoped that before long some French university will send to this country an equally eloquent delegation to present the French point of view to the youth of America. Readers of this paper have followed with interest the recent tour of American colleges by a group of representatives of the European youth movement from five countries, a tour which, whatever one may think of its immediate effect, undoubtedly has made for a deeper insight into the most portentious uprising in Europe today, that of the young people against the authority of bad traditions and pseudo-ideals of life. In this number, accounts are given of a return visit paid this summer by American students. These narratives speak for themselves; and it is not necessary here to emphasize the value of the observations made and the conclusions drawn from them. Suffice it once more to point out that the youth movement is essentially international even though in individual countries it is naturally tinged with national and racial aspirations. The cry of youth everywhere is for greater sincerity, for a deeper probing into the problems of life which too long have been obscured by false ideals, handed down by church and school, by government—and press-made public opinion. Youth has the right to see life for itself; to ask anew the old questions that beset every thinking individual; to test in the light of its own experience, limited as it may be, the lessons handed down to it; to be impetuous in its

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Where Solutions Won't Solve

By EARL S. BELLMAN
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Like most Americans who go to Europe, I went with a sort of practical, analytical attitude. I was so lost in my study of various groups that I failed to see the common cord which bound this so-called Youth Movement together. I soon began to think that I had Europe's problems pretty well worked out and I was reasonably and sincerely sure that if the whole world would only listen to me for a month or two we could get things all fixed up fine. In somewhat this frame of mind our group met in a big conference with the Youth Movement at Hellerau.

There, as all through our trip, we spent most of our time trying to get those fellows down to "brass tacks". "Just what do you propose to do with this economic problem or how do you expect to settle this political row?" was our continual query. And almost always we met with the same childlike helplessness. They would only shake their heads and say "But you don't understand".

And we did not! We were deceived by endless theories each one of which was guaranteed to solve a given difficulty. Our only job was to find just what the difficulty was, to apply the theory and everything would work out perfectly. But during the four years of war and the chaos which followed, these people were face to face with cold, bare, life.

Until the war, although much progress had been made, the Youth Movement as a movement was very loose and unorganized. Then the war came and the young Germans with all sincerity of purpose placed their very lives in the balance for their country. All through those years of hell with a whole world against them they gradually came to realize that it was all a great farce; that the lives of those comrades had been thrown away. In almost blind agony they with their older comrades revolted and overthrew the great machine which was crushing them. And when they had a republic they asked for peace.

But like all of us who hoped as they did for a new day after that terrible lesson they saw instead the tightening of the coils of selfishness and greed slowly smother them into a condition even more terrible and impossible than any which they had ever experienced. Even one who felt the hunger and misery and chaos of Germany today can scarcely realize just how helpless youth must have felt in the midst of it all. My own experience here is perhaps the realest thing in my life. They were not, as we had been, quietly hidden away in secluded colleges learning how to solve the world's problems without even seeing them. They saw the whole of life with its great problem while we were seeking for a place to hook on our theories. Yes, they were right, we did not understand.

But we finally prevailed upon them to discuss politics and economics. Shall any of us ever forget that afternoon as we all sat there together while a young editor from the Ruhr district painted for us the dark picture of Europe?

My solution was blown sky high!

Instead of an optimistic hope there was nothing left but the despair of reality. For the first time I saw the hopelessness of the situation from the standpoint of German Youth. With the upholstering of diplomatic phraseology removed there was nothing left but a system bound up in capitalistic greed. State, school, home, industry, church, and even cities were all wrapped together in an inseparable mess by the binding coils of a self-seeking industrialism.

I struggled desperately, clutching at every straw, but it was useless. Then I saw red; I wanted to fight; I wanted to overturn the whole mess; I wanted to lead some kind of revolution. But it did not last long. The Germans had shown us how useless revolutions are; how they only invert the social order leaving the same deadly germ of selfishness to work out again. They too had hoped in force. They too had revolted. They too had overturned a system only to find that violence "had scratched the serpent's head, not killed it," and that even now it was winding about them tighter than ever.

A Hopeless Tangle

There must be a solution! But no matter where my mind would turn, no matter where I tried to take hold there was no unravelling it at all; the situation was all one and the same. It was all tied together with the same cord of selfish, monetary values. Each new approach melted to ashes before a burning love of money which was sacrificing human life itself to a god of dollars and cents.

* * *

And so heartsick and in dispair I went out, wondering if there ever could be a way through to light.

* * *

Outside all was glowing with the beauty of early autumn. The breeze was unusually sweet and fresh and cool. The little birds were bubbling over with joy and gladness. All nature seemed to sway with a wonderful rhythm.

And as I stood there my very soul cried out: "Is this not God's creation and is not all of this misery man's own making? Surely the great Mind who made it all so beautiful wanted us to be happy in the midst of this glorious harmony of the out of doors!" And so I walked about that evening until the moon came up and softened all life with its silvery glow.

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striving, not only for more light but also for participation in the task of reshaping the world in the image of its ideals. Underneath the seeming complacency of our American student world there is much of the same unrest, the same striving, the same desire to assert the rights of youth that has broken into open flame in Germany and other European countries. But this movement need not go through the same stages of learning by suffering and error if it continues to keep in touch with the youth of other lands and make its experience its own. In this endeavor, the personal friendships formed promise to become an abundant source of encouragement and help.

Then somehow I just happened to think that nobody owned the moon, that nobody owned a sunset, that nobody owned the beauty of art or religion or love. These are the real values of life which satisfy the longings of men's souls and nobody ever can or even ever tries to own them. Then I just happened one step further and I began to wonder why men couldn't forget the material things which are owned and horded, and build instead a beautiful world upon true values which make for fellowship and love and peace.

Perhaps this was the simple truth which the Man of Gallilee tried to show us in his way of life so long ago.

It must have been there if ever that I felt the real longing and spirit behind the "Youth Movement."

These young people like myself had sincerely hoped to rebuild a society. They were ready to put their lives into it, but their efforts were always useless. They could not seem to find a place to take hold of things. Their ideals did not fit in at all. The whole system was so tied up with materialism that every effort was lost. Finally in despair they gave up. Helplessly they turned to nature as a solace and in her they seemed to find an answer to their longings.

And so they left behind them the old worn out system which they could not change and which had no place in it for them and today these young people in their feeble way are seeking to build up a new social order founded upon spiritual values which will satisfy the yearnings of men's souls. They are finding this satisfaction in many different ways: some in art, some in music, some in rhythmic dancing, many in hand work; but everywhere and thru all the Youth Movement is to be found the mutual seeking for a fellowship and a value which really fills the soul.

People in general know nothing of the Youth Movement. The old generation is hopeless. The truly truth is that the world is hopeless and we can only create a secondary man-made truth of hopefulness by bravely sticking to non-existent ideals.

Excerpts from a Diary

Heidelberg, Tuesday

We ate again at the "Mensa", the student self-help kitchen. Better than at Marburg. But this endless soup, potatoes and thin gravy will kill this student generation. They have not even bread.

You have to eat a large helping of potatoes slowly; you feel quite satisfied for a couple of hours, and then the hunger begins. The guides eat better—they say that such a fare kills generations and they cannot afford it.

* * *

Nietzsche's position Professor Gundolph described as that of the great destroyer of the old "burgerliche Kultur," the Philistine world whose chief aim was peace, comfort, uneventful monotony. Nietzsche blew up this world and turned every security into a question. The assumptions of the Philistines were all gone, and the world became dangerous again. Nietzsche did not answer his own questions but he opened a thousand possibilities. Gundolph thinks Stefan George is the first great answerer to Nietzsche: that a thousand answers were possible, but George's is the first. He seems to be something of a Carlyle, preaching the heroic life in all detail, as opposed to the Philistine.

As regarding Nietzsche on war, Gundolph, if I properly understood him, maintained that Nietzsche, who spoke symbolically much of the time, praised warriors because they were among the few who accepted a dangerous world, a world where chances were to be taken, a world fathomless and fearful, not to be caught in a commercial net or bridged over by middle-class platitudes. The World War was not the kind of thing Nietzsche was speaking of: it proved nothing about heroism or nobility; it was merely wholesale, commercialized, efficient, philistine slaughter.

* * *

...The German companions wanted a conference on the spot at 11:30 P. M. in order to rebut the most of what both professors had said; but we persuaded them that we were not completely taken in, and so got our rest. How different from America!

* * *

Marburg, Thursday

Arrived last night and were loaded on a Toonerville trolley better than the one at Ann Arbor. The German students who met us were exceedingly friendly. They approximated a type: clean-cut, usually well-built, carriage good, rather lean, faces sensitive, hungry. They differed from the usual group of American students by a sort of reserve which expressed itself even when they addressed each other familiarly. You got again the sense of depth, intensity, rather than of broadness, geniality. Impression that any scheme of relations between them would have to be worked out according to rule: no generalizations to which each would subscribe "for the sake of the whole."

Education: How Children Learn

By RUTH BOARDMAN
Barnard '24

One of our German travelling companions was converted years ago by a Youth Movement leader. From a marionette-minded fraternity student, he became a disciple of the new education, and is now director of an experimental school near Berlin. Another young University student teaches part of her time in such a school and so during the long days in isolated train compartments the discussion often drifts to experimental education. Thus came my impetus to leave the group and travel alone to Berlin for more information, and a bit of adventure. (The first night left me situated with the former, for by a queer combination of circumstances, I was led by a strange gentleman, not into my friend's apartment, but to his wife's abode, where I found them all intoxicated). But I had to leave the city without even half answering the questions on experimental education I so optimistically framed. I'll set them down here in the hope that future correspondence may fill in the gaps.

1. Exactly what is the connection with the Youth Movement?
2. How do they differ essentially from ordinary public schools?
3. What sort of Economics and Sociology do they teach, and does the state interfere with their activities in these lines?
4. How is sex education conducted?
5. Is there an attempt to bring in the parents and make the school a community affair?
6. How are the teachers converted?
7. Are there any efforts toward changing the mehods of teaching in universities?

The first and second questions can best be answered by some second hand information on the Hamburg schools. Here the movement was originally started by a circle of youth movement people who had done it with the romantic back-to-nature philosophy so predominant in the Youth Movement. They wanted to attempt a permeation of the old institutions with their new ideas, instead of runing away from them.

Berlin was the next city to adopt this experimental approach, and here I saw many students and teachers in the typical Youth Movement garb.

A brief, and, I think, quite truthful summary of the distinctive features of these schools is given by Mr. Washburne in a pamphlet on "Progressive Tendencies in European Education."

"Children come to the school at the age of six. The beginners start with a specified teacher, but as they grow older they choose their own teachers. There are no promotions. The children simply come to school and live for five or six hours a day with their teachers.

"They talk freely with each other; they move freely about the building. They ask questions and the teachers are here to answer them. They want to learn to read or write or to do something in arithmetic, and the teacher is there to help them. If they do not want to learn these things, no one forces them, no one even tries to urge them to learn. In time every child does want to read and write, the teachers say, and they wait until this desire appears."

An interview with Herr Karsen, director of several experimental schools in Berlin, threw some light on the teaching of sociology and the interference of the state. Provided teachers are cautious, he said, they can teach what they believe to be true, regardless of the political policy in power. He showed the usual response of pained surprise when I said this would be quite impossible in an American public school. For example, I said it would be considered decidedly bad taste to mention the exploitation of labor which accompanied the building of our glorious transcontinental railroads. This shocked him. But when I said it meant almost certain loss of job to discuss Soviets or Bolshevism, he said "Oh well, yes. That sort of thing.... one must be judicious." So I'm not sure just how much freedom they are allowed after all. As far as general planning of the curriculum goes, however, they seem altogether free from state subjugation. Herr Karsen pointed dramatically to an official-looking program card as we passed down the hall. "There is what we are supposed to be teaching every hour of the day—but we do as we like."

Where Students Preside

The first class I visited was sociological-history. As the door opened and revealed the Herr Director and myself, the class rose and stood very formally until I was seated. My first glimpse of what the old system must have been like. After giving some directions, the teacher exchanged seats with one of the boys! This lad presided over a discussion of the functional importance of the social organization about them. When questions came up that they thought must be answered, one boy jotted them down on the blackboard. I managed to decipher: "What is the State?" "Is it more important than the family?" There would be buzzing in little groups and then a speech fired that acted like a bomb in the discussion. I never saw youngsters so alive and keen. Just as the bell rang they were asking why passports were necessary, and what being a citizen actually meant.

The next class was English—taught by Herr Karsen himself. When I came in, the room was dull and dreary. They were translating a deadly English story, and I thought "Heavens, this is the sort of thing I thought they were trying to break away from." I breathed more easily when Herr Karsen explained to me that this was the first lesson after the holidays and they were very tired. "I could drive them, but I will not; because we are only friends living together," he said. Still I couldn't quite understand when things continued to drag on with half the class looking bored-to-tears and finding relief in whispered conversations. At last one boy suggested a change of program and Herr Karsen seconded the idea heartily. Then aside to me, "I only wanted them to feel how utterly boring it is when you're tired of doing one thing and haven't initiative enough to suggest a way out of the difficulty." A few witty original compositions read aloud brought them all back to life again. And a humming discussion on the ethics of revenge was interrupted by the bell.

After class, Herr Karsen showed me the room decorations done by the boys, and their gardens where each family—pupils and their parents—have joint responsibility for a certain plot. The parents and children have also given several plays in order to raise money for school equipment. Isn't this a unique kind of functional co-operation, though?

I was astonished to find these same ideas operating rather effectively in a school in the little village of Hellerau bei Dresden. And quite flabbergasted to hear a friend report that in a rural school near little medieval Rothenburg, she found a Youth Movement teacher acting as a Bureau of Information instead of the customary policeman. I wonder if the Socialist regime is responsible for this rapid spread of the movement?

To Cologne Cathedral

Lines written there during a pilgrimage of the Youth Movement, August, 1923.
By Arvia MacKaye

I.

O sinewed shrine of man's desire
  Of fire and ashes made!
Pealing organ of the mind
  Vibrant, stark, yet staid:

O creature of the pulsing ages
  Vertebrate with pain,
How can I fathom through thy beauty
  The groping Soul who, slain,

Leapt into frail and perfect grandeur,
  Yearning cold as steel,
Trembling naked in God's tempest—
  The form you now reveal?

II.

O unity, that breaks with union!
  O strength, that weeps in pain
Mighty symphony of balance
  Frail as frozen rain!

Crush not my being into cinders,
  Nor too sharp my spirit rend:
Dumb in stunned communion, kneeling,
  I seek to comprehend.—

Angel of Man, thou art too mighty,
  Thy splendor is too pure
For my dumb-crawling, blinded self
  To face thee, and endure.

IN THE LIGHT OF ECONOMIC CHAOS

(*Continued from page* 1)

France had control of the western section of Germany, because they would be free from the supposed menace of the Socialists. Moreover the upsetting of the eight-hour day law shows that the welfare of the German people is of no concern to Stinnes. The big object is to merge all industrial interests—French and German—into one big trust.

It is rather unfortunate that because of our apparent prosperity, we lose sight of the chances we have to lead the world into a newer and higher concept of human relationship. America's word can heal the wound that France has made in the German soul. To stand aside passively when a whole people is virtually starving, to see Central Europe converted into another Balkan problem is unquestionably the wrong way to protect our economic interests. Our old time politicians say "Hands off Europe." But they have forgotten that our entry into the war—apart from what moral force we pretended to be under at the time—was to save our investments. That being so, the disruption of Europe must affect us. No nation today can afford to be indifferent to the welfare of any other nation and particularly so great a nation as Germany.

The Plight of Youth

How does all this economic chaos affect the "Youth Movement"? The defeat of Germany has driven these youths into a greater consciousness that the old rule was bad. It is tragic to see the fortitude of soul possessed by these people, to see them try to drown their thoughts with song, to see them ramble over the country in search of something, they know not what, but at least something new. They are trying to create a new Germany that will work harmoniusly with the rest of the world. But they are beginning to despair. Heretofore, they regarded politics and the greed for economic gain as diabolic, and machines as something to be despised. Today they are made to realize that the material is greater than the spiritual. They may be compelled to cease their rambling, to protect themselves from the ravages of hunger, and from the ruin of their state. Their leaders were preparing for something other than politics; today they realize that unless there are some changes they must also learn to play the game if the youth movement is to be saved.

Some of the leaders in the Ruhr expressed themselves as follows: "We had fully demonstrated to the world that we did not want more war, by our revolution of 1918. If this is the price of peace, we are wondering how much longer we shall be able to stand it" The people of the Youth Movement are looking to America to help them. She is the only country that can keep them together; she is their only possible light. If, then, we flicker and die, all the moral force which holds these people together will give way. Already there are signs of disruption; already they are thinking that if America should fail them, Russia is their last resort.

Driven to an alliance with Russia, these young people, who are in search of something new, might find greater hope for safety, greater room for moral expansion in the tenets of Communism. Their interpretation of life might be entirely different.

All their cultural aims may be changed into a slogan of revenge. Hungry, with little hope in sight, who knows but that they would not be driven to extremes. Seeing that moral force avails nothing before the gods of industry, they might conclude that Germany's salvation depends on the destruction of industry, in its present form—a conclusion justified in the circumstances. It certainly takes a wonderful amount of courage for a people to see their state, yea, their very lives bartered by a few industrialists with a government impotent to stop it while the rest of the world looks on. I wonder if the American people realize what all this means?

The very disruption of Germany would cause a separation of the Young People according to sectional and party differences. I venture to say that if France be permitted to carry out her intentions, all military camps which she has built up on the Balkans, in Czecho-Slovakia, in Poland and in Danzig, would not prevent the engendering spirit of hate from bursting forth into a new war. And after all this would have been done, in the last analysis, would the play be worth the candle? Would the French people have gained anything? In short, would the world be benefited any, except the limited few who always emerge from the fire wealthier?

How is it possible

From stupidity in politics the Germans and the German Youth must be saved. America alone can do it. She can tell France that if she is after reparations, her methods are wrong; that if she is after the disruption of Germany, the safety of the world demands otherwise. As we had called a conference on disarmament, we can call a council of the nations to discuss the situation. We can bring enough pressure to have Germany's capacity to pay determined. If our purpose is legitimate and not essentially one of satisfying big business, we can help the Germans to stabilize their currency, and take such means to secure payment as might be deemed necessary. We can insist that France desist from spending her money on armies of occupation, and from lending money for military purposes to the puppet nations which she has created, and pay her interest on her loans.

In doing this we shall have all to gain and nothing to lose. Some may say that it is England's duty to do this. Yes, but England is in no position to force France without the backing of America. It would be a mighty hard thing to drive the English people into another war, if France should fail to heed England's protests. Besides, France has the largest and best equipped army in Europe today, and is in a splendid position to bomb London overnight. This work calls for a bigger force than England alone to move Mr. Poincarè into a sense of his bigger duty, not to the Comitè des Forges but to humanity.

No measure that can be taken would be too severe to compel the Industrialists to shoulder their responsibility to the whole nation. France should be denounced for preferring to trade with industrialists rather than with constituted government.

Unless something is done, and done immediately, to stop this bartering, the consequences will be regretted. If this is done, the half-starved German youth will be able to get new vigor; he will be able to carry on his work in search for a new moral and spiritual force with greater hope; and he will look to America as a country moved not only by the dollar influence but also by its strong sense of responsibility to the world. America, your challenge is before you!

Nuremberg

Thirty-six thousand proletarian youth in short trousers and simple dresses have been coming in on all the trains, and are overflowing the streets with their gay flags, and pouring their music and songs into every corner of the old city. This is their great week, when they are released from their grinding work, and allowed to feel that the world is their own! At least this city is theirs. Their songs are rich and haunting. None of us Americans sing any more except in German. The best songs we had have turned to ashes in our mouths!

Predominant is the swinging rythm of the "Internationale." And this reminds us. Sinister, savage, there lurks the menace of the Old. Nuremberg, Durer's thick-buttressed city, is a fort of the reaction. The police are reactionary, and they have aimed for emergency nationalists who will do everything to provoke the youngsters. Behind the festival is the fact that the workers' parties have sent their children here as a counter-demonstration against the previous Turnerfest wherein the "Germanen" parading in every kind of trappings have evidenced their Teutonic patriotism, their anti-semitism, their capacity for beer, their desire for the good old days. Strikingly similar to 100% Americans.

Behind this festival is an epic. I say the parties sent their youth here. These are the parties who had not the vision nor the courage to support the leaders of the original German revolution. The "revolution" was nothing but a hunger-strike of the army; leaders with vision of its true possibilities took hold and tried to direct it; but the workers' parties were chicken-hearted and fell behind. As a result, all the leaders have been assassinated and removed. Not one remains.

The epic is in the struggle of the proletarian youth against the leadership of the proletarian parties. Most of the youth repeat the Marxian formulas blindly, dogmatically, pig-headedly. A minority struggle against it. Their fight looks hopeless, how can you expect boys and girls in their teens to do better?

They have been holding folk-dances, torch-parades, and general festival activities.

Fortunately the only disturbance was a brush between nationalistic emergency police and the unarmed boys and girls. Five were wounded, that's all:

Diary

The Call From Germany

By MAX BARTH
of the Free Proletarian Youth

1.

The housekeeping of the world will not come into order so long as Europe remains disorderly. The fate of Europe lies in the unhappy relation between France and Germny. The kernel of the momentarily existing confusion lies in the Ruhr. The intrusion of France has torn off the veil from Europe's secret wound; her rule and ruin is tearing open anew the barely forming scar and opening a broad yawning gap. There is nothing more to be hidden: the unity of Europe, and therewith its functioning as a living organism, depends on the rapid and just solution of the Ruhr question.

I do not choose Germany above Europe. Despite my love for Germany, I would say yes to her being sacrificed, if that were the road to the realization of the Greater Fatherland: Europe, for which my efforts are exerted. The existence of Europe is endangered, if Germany—and this possibility does not lie far—unites itself politically and economically to Russia. This union would mean, under the circumstances of today, that we should become the foremost post of the forward-pushing East. It would mean that the antithesis "Germany" and "France" would become permanent.

2.

Let me not be misunderstood: I love the Russian with his soul of animal breadth and wildness, with his capacity for beauty and guilt, with the innocence of his spontaneous dealing, with the homeliness and singleness of his heart: I love him, and I know him a little as a result of my war days. I love Russia, which aroused itself to free Man, and to break the chains of his strength. I am everything but an opponent of the tie with Russia. But I believe that this tie for a long, long time can only be a cold and purely utilitarian partnership.

One is accustomed to teach children in school: "The Ural Mountains divide European Russia from Asiatic." But there is no European Russia. The dividing line between Asia and Europe lies much farther to the west. And it is our concern today that this our fatherland Europe may become a shape and a reality. Because we serve this yearning, we Europe-minded men see everything from the European viewpoint.

From Germany went out into the world the phrase about the "falling Evening-land."* It was a lie. The Eveningland is just arising; and the "old Europe" begins to feel how much of young and unused power rolls in its veins.

3.

One should keep right on playing "va banque!" I am very much in favor of "va banque" games, they all have thrills. But when M. Poincare chooses me as the object of his "va banque" politics, I pay my respects and ask to be excused from the honor. I would not take from M. Poincare the right to ruin himself through his frenzied, monomaniac play; but if he does not play himself, and—first and last—Europe, into bankruptcy, then he may go to the Devil. (Between you and me and the telephone pole.)

A rent goes through Europe: the line of the Rhine. The Rhine, which is placed as if made to unite the two peoples, is pricklier than a barbed wire entanglement. For centuries the fight has gone on about the Rhine. (One phase of this battle is the Ruhr action.) Were it up to the peoples to regulate this affair, instead of the respective governments, we should long ago have come out into the clearing. For peoples come to an understanding much easier than commissions. Admitted, the proposition is untenable, for that, to be sure, would be a "pro-German" solution. Do you know in America that on the banks of the Rhine from Lake Constance to the Dutch border not a word of French is spoken—that is, in times of peace? Do you know that the Alsatian Frenchman, who now has justly been rejoined to his country, speaks Allemanic on the French side of the Rhine; that he understands me, the Allemanic German, very well, and talks to me in my own dialect, but that he does not understand at all his French countrymen, not even those in the few French Vosges valleys formerly belonging to Germany? But all of this is a side-issue.

A rent goes through Europe. It should be filled up, bridged over; but not extended. Every one who can bring anything to solve the Ruhr question has the moral duty to do so. A solution must bring permanent connection between the two countries concerned, and not a condemnation of one party and a justification of the other. The coals of the Ruhr and the ore of northern France are permanently dependent on each other. Let the two inimical brothers be obliged to unite over their use. Let them be forced! Let him who has the power force them!

4.

America has the power, and the duty! She is responsible for the condition in which Europe finds herself. Let it be admitted in advance that Wilson sought in all sincerity honorably to do the right thing. But he was uninformed, and, furthermore, totally inexperienced as a diplomat. Placed in the tobaggans and the ambushes of the crafty European diplomacy, he was nothing but a child. At Versailles, he was simply humbugged. But his share of responsibility for the condition of Europe nevertheless remains, as also the responsibility of America for the results of Wilson's policies. (Just as the Germans are obliged to stand up under the results of the politics of William the Second.)

5.

It appears to me as self-evident, that America, as one of the states which took part in the Versailles affair, is in duty bound to assist in the solution of the German muddle. We are concerned here with a sort of restitution. If the stipulations of the Monroe Doctrine became void in 1917 when America drew into the war, then they must become doubly void, when it is a matter of setting aside the results of the war, of giving back to the world her peace.

Last spring, when America withdrew her troops from the Rhine, and thereby gave the French the opportunity to occupy new regions, to rage at will, untroubled, we stood astounded before the Anglo-Saxon morality, which seemed to say to us: "I shall withdraw myself from participation in this unjust action, and thereby will purify my conscience, although precisely this withdrawal of mine will free the hands of the others, to continue their unjust actions in their own manner and fashion." Are you going to continue always to stand aside? Is it possible that you still do not know that the fate of Europe lies in your hands?

The world blows us eulogies because of our passive resistance. Words, words, and no deeds! The result: the "new principle" has breathed its last; passive resistance breaks down. Eulogies do not satisfy hunger. Hunger breaks even him who has a just cause.

Friends in America! The youth of Europe is working in community for the conciliation of peoples, for peace, for the restoration of devasted Europe, for the erection of the truly human society. The battle front of youth is here, is here for the youth which is decided to follow new, more manly paths than those of the last generation. Help us! Step into the ranks; Become our fighting comrades!

A demand of the day, a cry from us to you, is this: Help us to bring our house into order! Get acquainted with European questions, and work in the direction that those organs of yours over there which have the power to deal politically, may so work, that it may be of service to humanity.

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*Oswald Spengler, "Der Untergang des Abendlandes," a book which has caused much discussion.

Hellerau

An accurate report of the youth conference at Hellerau will never be written in America, for we did not know at the very end just what had happened!

There were too many long-haired youths, and bewhiskered eternally young old gentlemen. Two of our companions went sick at the sight. It represents a stage that should be past.

There were working circles on every possible thing: politics, economics, religion, art, dancing, "Siedlungen," education, and what-not.

In most of these circles good quiet work went on. But the political group was like a compound fracture of a nightmare. Well, it's all over now.

We were stood on our heads, rolled in the dust, torn about and mauled so thoroughly that it finally was necessary for the Anglo-Saxon contingent to gather itself together and find out what an attitude it should take. (Mr. Bellman's article is explicit here—Ed.)

In spite of all the confusion, the conference seemed at the end to draw itself together. The position of the English Quakers was ably presented by Mr. Stephens, and got response. Greetings were sent to the Freiburg conference, where French and Germans are trying to get together. Greetings were sent to Russian youth.

"The New Student"

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How They Went

By JOHN ROTHSCHILD
Former Executive Secretary of the National Student Forum

I have always been troubled by encounters with beggars and crippled shoe-lace vendors. Sometimes I drop a coin into the tin mug, and go my way ashamed; sometimes I pass the man as though his presence there against the wall were an insult. Lately I have begun to understand why no dealings with these unfortunates gives me satisfaction. It is because nothing I can give short of an interest in his struggle of mind and heart will really ease one of these sufferers. He whose appeal seems directed to my purse and my heart is actually waiting there for someone who shall come greedy for the wisdom of his defeat, and who, ravishing him of his spiritual treasure, shall complete his doubting half-knowledge of its worth.

When George Pratt and I went into Germany in the summer of 1922 we were received with a gratitude which we did not at all understand. Had we been ministers of relief or a Commission of Commiseration we should have expected it of course. It was only later that we understood what our demand upon their spiritual treasure meant to the finer spirits among the German youth. We had come to them, a pauperized people, seeking something—an understanding of their Youth Movement, for ourselves; an interpretation of it, for American youth. They were touched—grateful. They had to express their gratitude. Hospitality was all they could offer. So they urged us to make it possible for a number of American students to be their guests—for a long visit.

The idea met us on our first entrance into Germany. It came then from Dr. Schairer, the director of the great organization of Student Self Help. It came at us more than once in the following days. Finally we were convinced of the worth of the offer, and on the eve of our departure thirty-one leaders in the Youth Movement, headed by a youngster of twenty, Gunther Kaiser, set to work on plans.

Our share in the problem was to find the students for the invitation. This we undertook immediately on our return to America. The primary criterion of selection we recognized as the qualification of the individual for leadership. It seemed that such an opportunity as the Germans were offering should be multiplied so far as possible by the sending of students who would on their return share their inspiration widely.

The search stretched over the whole past academic year. We found few whom we could imagine at home in the environment of the Youth Movement—fewer still who seemed prepared for understanding—yet fewer who were able to interpret experiences. In the end we modified the standard. Perhaps young Germany had taught us a lesson in revaluing. Of the seven students invited, three were asked, not because they would inspire others on their return, but because their personal qualities seemed such as to assure a profit to them as individuals. We found ourselves dividing with a desire, on the one hand, for the awakening of the social group, and on the other hand, with an interest in the individual for himself.

On June twenty-sixth seven American students waved from the steerage deck of the steamship "Reliance" to us on the pier. They were to be gone until mid September—guests of the youth of Germany—tramping with Wandervogel "hordes;" sleeping in the old baronial "Jugendburgs," in haystacks, out under the stars and leaves of German forests; participating in great outdoor sessions of the youth congresses (the one at Hellerau numbered six hundred); discussing philosophy and folk ways around the outdoor fire with boys and girls of their own years; starving with the best brains and hearts of Germany. We wondered what they would say, what they would be, when we saw them again in September.

Those who went hailed from almost every corner of the country.

Arvia KacKaye was a student at Radcliffe, Helen Stedman graduated from the University of Oregon and had been a student at Madison, Wisconsin. Lenore Pelham was a graduate of Rockford College.

Eugene Corbie of the College of the City of New York, Howard Becker of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, Earl Bellman of Friends University, Wichita, Kansas, and Douglas Haskell of Oberlin were the men of the group.

Joseph Chassell of Union Theological Seminary and Ruth Boardman a Barnard student joined the party at Hamburg and were with it during most of the trip.

"The Youth Movement—Do We Want it Here?" This question was asked once before when we were working to bring American students closer to the spirit of the youth of Central Europe. The question is no more cogent now than it was then. The seven Americans did not go to get something for home consumption—to make an intellectual importation. Each one, it is true, brought back something which he did not have when he went out—but not the Youth Movement—rather his experiences of the Youth Movement, incorporated into his personal being.

As The Germans Saw Us

From a Letter

"It will certainly interest you that last week we had here in Marburg the representatives of the New Student Forum, four women and five men among which there was a Negro. I'll tell you something of the visit, as it is significant for our relations (I mean the American and German relations). I had to lead the preliminary negotiations and had asked different groups to share the days. But only one group, and I am glad to say the best that I could find, was taking up the idea with enthusiasm. It was the Academical Union, a group strongly organized of members of the Youth Movement, which is especially interested in all problems of civilization. They were willing to take as many American students in their rooms as they could manage. The party arrived in the company of eight Germans, which in my opinion were too many, on Wednesday evening. A lot of us were at the station and welcomed the first party of American students who had found their way to Germany after the war. The first day, Thursday, they had some rest and saw some professors who were interested in them. Even the second day, they did not get in real touch with our German students. But Saturday and Sunday were high peaks of this term. We divided up in small groups and the discussion led us into the most pressing problems. Our students were very keen to hear from the States which were so far off from their thinking until then. And all of us had to revise our judgment about America completely, as it was the case with me when I met you. We really admire America for what she has done with these big problems before her as they are quite unknown to us. The interest on both sides grew intensely with every hour and dozens of students came afterwards who at first had been very skeptical, applying the usual prejudice about Americans. Especially the negro, Eugene Corbie, touched us all deeply and we asked ourselves how we could help our fellows in the black men. If the American students profit half as much from us as we did from them, the result of their trip has proved to be a good one. It was to see again how we here in Germany are shut off from the rest of the world, shut up by the political situation, by prejudice and that strange attitude of mind which is represented in the belief in the unique character of our speculative philosophy. I confess that we are narrower than I like to see my nation. If others do not know much of the True Germany many of us do not know of the true character of other nationalities. These same impressions had all those who came together."

PICTURES

By ARVIA MACKAYE
of Radcliffe

The people of Germany are like a stranded ship, when the tide goes down; the tide being that elusive, all-powerful value of the mark. Slowly and relentlessly it creeps away, leaving the ship upon the rocks to be destroyed by the elements, and her crew to fight among themselves and die of starvation. One has that ever present feeling of despairing insecurity in Germany, for all which used to be tangible, definite and steady in life, is now slowly ebbing away into an unknown future.

It has been impossible for me to form any clear picture of Germany, for there are too many elements which enter in; but a few vivid impressions stand out in my mind, which may serve to illustrate some of the conflicting forces.

Shortly after we arrived in Germany, we went on a "wandering" into the country—a "hike" we would call it. We made a picturesque, romantic group, as we wound among the woods and fields. There were boys with bare legs and sandals, and the ever present short trousers of the Youth Movement garb, girls with their hair down their backs, bare-legged too. One of them had a guitar and to its accompaniment one old German folk song after another, sung with rich harmony, resounded through the woods. Later we went in swimming, in a quiet stream that flowed between partly mowed meadows, and I remember the beauty of the sunlight on their gleaming bodies, as they took running dives into the water, or played ball on the banks.

About a week later, in Heidelberg, in contrast to this, I have a picture of a quaint old-fashioned inn from the back room of which came the clank, clank, clank and occasional shout of dueling. We climbed up over a wall and through shrubbery, to a window from which we could see. We were not allowed inside. Dueling is against the law and done by the Corps Student in secret. Inside two men stood facing each other, able to make only a few awkward movements, because of the excessive padding which appeared much like a diver's suit. Their faces, only, were left exposed, in order to receive the desired scars. Their arms, too heavy with the padding and swords, were raised for them by their friends into position above their heads, and the duel began.

These two pictures expressed to me the essence of the new and old Germany, in their extreme forms, and I saw in the old the reason for the new.

Two more pictures are vivid in my mind, one the conference of Hellerau, the other that of Freiburg.

Almost any meeting at Hellerau would do. There were about 600 young people there, from all over Germany and the Scandinavian countries, including a few from England and our group from America. Perhaps a tall long-haired youth with a girlish face and something dreamy and almost weak in his eyes, would get up and talk, absorbed in the beauty of his idealism. Perhaps it was a more stockily-built young proletarian, with fire and emphatic conviction in his manner of stating his plan, for building a new and nobler world. Perhaps it was a narrow, indignant, little egotist, flaring up at something which had just been said. It does not matter—all were talking and often to a tedious length, about the wonder of their own little mental world. They reveled in making it known. They forgot time and everything about them, and soared into the highest of metaphysical imaginings.

Here I saw the hopeless weakness of the Youth Movement. That strange, mystic idealism, found everywhere among the German youth, dynamic in potentiality, but which will at the same time, pour out its energy upon the empty air in poetic dreaming, when the knell of the German nation has sounded, there is no food to eat for tomorrow, and revolution is at the point of breaking out at any time.

WITH FRENCH AT FREIBURG

At Freiburg, I saw this same force, the essence of the Youth Movement, controlled and put into active form, by the intellect of some of its leaders, exemplifying in this combination of mind with vision, the real contribution and promise of the movement.

The conference was between the French and Germans. One hundred twenty French were there, including Max Sagnier, the one pacifist in the Chamber of Deputies, who spoke with great fire and magnetism, although he seemed to fall always just short of greatness. It was primarily for the older generation and well under the thumb of the Catholics, but the youth appeared—they find their way into practically everything in Germany.

Some of them had traveled on foot for days to reach there. One had brought a handful of rings, which he had collected from his companions, to be turned in to help toward reconstruction in the devastated area; another a pledge of 300,000,000 marks, about 200 dollars, to go toward a children's home in France. Because of a sudden bad drop in the mark during the conference, the small savings of some were consumed, and they spent their days at the meetings with only a "Schwarzbrot" sandwich or a handful of plums. They held their own independent conference on the further work of the International League of Youth, which has now been at work for over a year. And it was not until a special meeting, which was condescendingly called by the authorities for the young people, that the whole conference itself was at last brought to grapple sincerely with the issues before it and to come down to grips.

At the last meeting, a young leader from the Ruhr, who had just learned that he would be unable to get back again to his wife and child, made a quiet and impressive speech. It was clear and vitally thought through, and struck at the heart of the problem of pacifism—the great gulf which must be leapt, between goodwill, manifested in the mind, and its manifestation in action.

Later in the evening, a small group of us were talking until late into the night, and one, a young leader from the north, summed up the situation quite simply and sadly. "We, Germans," he said, "are idealists, idealistic fools and I'm afraid we have a big lesson to learn. We will have to go through all this suffering to learn it, but in the end if we come through, I think we'll have a new vision to contribute to the world."

This is much the impression that I have got of Germany. She has the great task of putting her idealism, her elusive dreams, into the matter of fact materialistic world, in which we live. These two parts of her life are entirely divorced. Her people live in a personal dream world of their own, metaphysical, and often fantastically noble, while a few clever politicians under the thumb of the capitalists control both her national and international destiny.

It will probably take the cruel dark years of suffering ahead—and they will be dark—to teach her this bitter lesson, but it is better to die in giving birth to a new life, a new vision, than to live in the complacent death of oblivious self-satisfaction, and callousness to the tragedy of the struggling poet across the seas.

International Goodwill In Action

The Student Friendship Fund is again making its appeal to the colleges of the United States for their support in carrying on the work of the European Student Relief in Russia, Central Europe and the Near East.

The primary commandment of the European Student Relief has always been "Thou shalt help thyself with all thy might," and the relief work both among refugee and native student groups in Central Europe has brought about the development of national student self-help organizations, which operate co-operative dining rooms where a hot meal can be secured at 60-80% less cost than in a restaurant; hotels in the most crowded university centers; co-operative stores where the most necessary articles can be bought; co-operative book binderies, printing presses, laundries, sewing rooms,—all of which reduce the general cost of living to students, while at the same time supplying work for others, an important consideration in Central Europe today. These self-help organizations might now be self supporting if it were not for the depreciation of their national currencies, which reduces capital kept on hand to zero over night, and which is bringing them now to the verge of ruin. If these self help organizations are wiped out education will be a possibility only to the sons and daughters of the industrialists and profiteers, and the democratic education which is a reality in Central Europe today with students from the working classes, and students from the middle classes now closely associated with the workers through their own activities as "work students,"—will not be known in Europe.

To continue this work in nineteen countries, in which forty two nations are cooperating, the Student Friendship Fund is asking the American colleges for their support.

"Expressionistic" Art

Our professor of art, not one of the worst, had dismissed the "modern expressionistic stuff" as bad, cheap, easily done, if not immoral; I had thought he was wrong, but how could I prove it?

We sat on the meadow after a swim, and Professor Breissig of Berlin, the author of a well-known book on "The Steps of History," talked to us about the inter-relations of art and civilization. And there, for the first time, we heard from a professor a lucid and believable interpretation of the turgid, striking, chaotic, deafening pictures which had puzzled us in the museum at Hamburg.

Nietzsche in literature and Bocklin in art were the arch-enemies of "naturalism" in the nineteenth century. Nietzsche was scornful. Would the Stoics, for example, refer to nature? Well, all they succeeded in doing was in trying to impose their "stoicism" on nature. Nature is too all-inclusive, too inexhaustible to be copied. Moreover, man is not natural. Every idea he has does violence to nature, for the only thought that would be "natural" would be the single one that would grasp the full meaning of the universe at once, whereas our every thought is an abstraction, focussed on only one point. No, man is not natural.

What the Artist Does

Man in his art must seek to impose **his** form and **his** style on nature! Bocklin with his fairylands, his own creations, did this, and rescued art, which rapidly was deteriorating into a science. What business has the artist to devote his life to an analysis of light? Let the physicists do that; from the artist we demand more: we demand **meaning**, and that is a human creation, and not a natural one!

And then came the revelation. The professor showed us the pictures of the young Franz Marc, one of Germany's greatest sacrifices in the war. In one terrible composition called "The Fate of Animals," was the bottomless struggle, the merciless, inexorable conflict of forces, the pain, the anguish, the impersonal brutish fate of victory and extinction of the War. It was not a painting of the war, it was not a picture of human beings, it was not meant to apply to the war; but if you would know the human meaning of that holocaust, turn away from grand phrases of Wilson and look at this picture.

There were others in the series: the Mandril Ape, the Tower of Blue Horses, the Marching Apes, and more. The marching apes go across the canvass in a line straight, direct, uncompromising, *stracks*, wild and terrible. Despite its imposed style, its defiance of externalities of nature, this picture comes close, in its epic strength and directness, to none so much as Michelangelo.

The Tower of Blue Horses I saw with a friend in Berlin, in the morning. Its effect was such that we both left the museum and all the other pictures and went away where we could be alone, for we had seen a thing of beauty, and of mystery.

So this was an expressionist! The professor traced the development. It would have been expected that all expressionists would have developed style and form. Instead of that, their revolt against the old in naturalism led them to discard rules of composition and the like, and, in their probing of human feeling, to ignore restraint. It was good that they did this. It is rather by grace that any artist reaches a synthesis, anyway. But in their one-sidedness, these men laid themselves open to the attack of men like Stefan George and his followers, who were rigid stylists.

Marc reached a synthesis. The true expressionist is not in the least irresponsible. First, says he, let us purify our sensibility, and then let us reach our form. So all the tangled messes which we cannot decipher have been carefully produced. They are meant for the feelings, not for the head. The feelings were ignored in the last century, all but the sentimental, slushy ones.

Not only is the expressionist responsible in this, but he must try to impose his intellect on his feelings; this Franz Marc has done. The result is that his pictures cause for you not only a powerful thrill, but long, long thoughts. For they have created a world of their own, which seems at the same time to be of the essence of this world!

There is a great difference between this art and the stuff often printed in America in the Dial. Ours is mannered, some of it decomposing. This is sincere. It has to be; for the Germans are the only western people facing a world of reality: stark, chaotic, bottomless. If the youth can follow men like Franz Marc, they can achieve something that will put the rest of us in the shadow.

After seeing the best expressionistic work in Germany, I looked again at a book of naturalistic art. It was ashes. I had lived in the chaos of our civilization where the chaos shows. ....Any one of those pictures would turn the whole art gallery of X——— College, Ohio, into dust.

D. P. H.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

We have found nothing good and comprehensive in America on the Youth Movement. Mr. Friederich put in the first half of a good article in the Current History Magazine for March, 1923. Mr. Bruno Lasker in the Survey for January, 1922, emphasizes too much the romantic side, and the whole Muck-Lamberty episode he mentions is of minor significance. Lamberty is generally discredited. Mr. Stanley High's "Revolt of Youth" is reviewed in this issue. If anyone can plow through the NEW STUDENT which was published in Germany last year, he has the best material in English; alas, it is written in German metaphysical style!

In German there are the following good works, among many others:

Hans Bluher, Die Deutsche Wandervogel Bewegung, 3 vols., paper.

Victor Engelhardt, Die Deutsche Jugendbewegung als Kultur-historisches Phenomen.

Gustav Wyneken, Der Kampf fuer die Jugend.

Curt Bondy, Die Proletarische Jugendbewegung.

"The Woman Question"

It was strikingly brought home to us this summer that American standards are not universal ones—and that a great deal of mental readjustment is some times necessary before one can hope to understand people whose background is entirely different from one's own. It is almost impossible to obtain a coherent idea of anything connected with the German Youth Movement until one has brushed off a few American edges, drilled a few receptive holes into a cast-iron state of mind and tried to see just what these people have been up against.

Nowhere is such a process more necessary than in trying to understand German women. I must be pardoned for generalizations—they are odious but sometimes unavoidable.

Before we left for Germany we were told that knickers need not be a part of our hiking equipment—because German girls did not wear them. When we saw how people stared at our short hair—how they remarked when we did dare to appear in knickers, our reaction was, I think, one of contempt. Why weren't these women "free" why did they allow themselves to look and be so haus-frau-ish—etc, etc? Oh we thought ourselves quite modern and superior. But gradually that mysterious receptive state of mind was beginning to over take us. "You American women think you are free"—said one German man—"but what does your freedom mean? You talk and stamp your feet and copy men, thinking that by acquiring certain masculine traits and attitudes you are free. Woman and man are human beings. Woman is the female and no matter whether she dresses or acts like men, she cannot alter that fact. Whether she neglects them or not, there are certain problems and fields which are a woman's own and where she can express herself as far as she likes. By realizing herself in her own lines, is a woman free."

At first we called all of this old fashioned, but they said we were being not women but machines! And then we tried to look at the German woman as she is—not as she appears to us.

Old Germany of the Kaiser and his Junkers was a man's world. I am afraid no American-minded women can appreciate fully what this means. Women had an education corresponding to a high school course and then married some one of their parent's chosing. A woman was trained to be a haus frau—some few were teachers or did office work, but they were the exception, and as soon as they married the position was closed to them. For every son she bore the mother received 50 marks from the State and the Kaiser was Godfather to every fifth boy. The unmarried mother was the worst of outcasts. The result is not hard to find—the socalled "double standard" reached its height—young men, especially students and sons of "first families," lived the freest kind of existence, while there seems to have been no life for a woman between that of prostitution and the awful stigma attached to it, and the deadening conformity to the traditional convention. It would naturally take a few generations of strong women even to begin to combat this life.

In 1871, when the first woman was admitted to study for a degree in Munich, the men stamped on the floor and attempted to prevent the lecture from continuing while she was there. Gradually the women fought their way into the universities—today only 10% of the students are women—but when there they did not stop trying to secure certain rights for their sex.

Into this man's world came the Youth Movement. Its first phases—the romantic traveling of the Wandervogel—was "for men only." Most of these boys were in that adolescent stage when a man regards anything feminine with lofty scorn. They formed friendships with each other and bade the women keep to that inevitable "sphere" of theirs—the home.

But the German girls were not satisfied. They too wanted to hike into the country on Sunday afternoons so they started groups of their own. This called down further scorn from the boys—"the girls needed this freedom far more than they did, yet they had never thought of it until the boys started something and then they had to tag along" (how deliciously seventeenish that is!)

But the boys grew up, they married and gradually reconciled themselves to the existence of women. Today boys and girls wander together in a fine comradeship.

In 1910—12 there appeared the Mutterschafts Bewegung—arising from the desire to support financially and morally the women who broke away from the old order and dared to marry or have children. This had all been fermenting for some years led by the women students and artists who were considered very bold and wild. They had had to meet secretly to discuss their ideas and hopes.

Then came the war and with it went the life of conventions and institutions—leaving only a hollow shell. The Revolution saw many women active in politics and in the socialist party—chief among them was Rosa Luxemborg. Women secured the vote and the right to keep their own children whether legitimate or not. Today there are more women in the Reichstag than in any other Parliamentary body and the proletarian groups have a fair proportion of them.

When one thinks of all of this one feels that the women have been a decidedly important factor in the building of what could be modern Germany. They have not only succeeded in breaking through a lifeless tradition, but I feel as tho they were overcoming the generalization which usually cramps women. The progress is slow, chiefly because the German woman is more honest about her sex and does not feel that it is any enslavement to be a wife or mother, nor does she suppress her emotions and enjoyment of love. She is first a woman. But she is slowly winning recognition for the fact that she may chose a line of work aside from that of the home, and she is doing it as a woman.

L. P.

Wickersdorff

Hannes, Robert and I walked up here from the station on a Napoleonic road. It went up-hill for an hour or more, and then two hours through a pine-woods, hilly scenery that whispered of rest, rest, rest, after the nausea of living in the city amidst hunger, and the talk of hunger. R——, discussed Bernard Shaw, whom he admired, with such dexterity and insight, that we were up in a nonce.

At the top in a clearing, was the "Freie Schulgemeinde," the free school community whose former leader, Dr. Wyneken, in 1913 helped in the dramatic capture of the huge youth assembly on the Hohe Meissner hill, which turned almost the whole movement from a romantic escape from school into a determined effort to remould the schools.

The boys and girls, of adolescent age, were clambering over the roofs and porches taking down the decorations hung for a holiday, and were laughing and helping each other in great glee. My companions, accustomed to the old schools, gasped.

College educators, with their concept of the "immature student," should have been with us!

What distinguishes Wickersdorff is that it believes in the "autonomy" of youth. "Youth," according to Wyneken, "is a part of the objective totality of human consciousness, a part of thinking humanity, just as the femine half of humanity is such a part, and hence it has the right to its own mental and spiritual existence"—instead of bowing to the ground before imposed authority and experience. Our educational machinists should take note.

The Comradeships

The youngsters act as if they owned the place, and they do! Everything is organized around the "Kameradschaften," the gangs of comradeships, each built around a teacher. The teachers are mostly about thirty years old. A student can remain a nation to himself if he prefers; but he soon applies for membership in a gang and must be voted in before he can join.

Thus the gangs consist of boys and girls from all classes, as they happen to feel themselves drawn by the personality of the teacher and of the group. Some have four members and some have thirty.

Thus it comes that in every class the teacher has some friends from his comradeship. There is no class-room hostility—the pupils are too eager. I attended a history class where some of them got the idea the teacher was trying to hide something from them. For the rest of the hour the poor man was showered under by questions from twin-braided girls and occasionally from boys; the usual question and answer process was reversed. Not foolish questions, either. I sat back and gloated.

The philosophy of this place runs deep; that's why the place itself runs so smoothly. There is no "nature-school" nonsense. The demands are the highest. The "culture of youth"—Jugendkultur, is not a matter merely of "being who are you." Such a culture was necessary in the Wandervogel; but its time is past. Wyneken sharply rebukes the self-satisfaction of the Freideutsche with their "revolt," their folk-songs, their "new man."

"One cannot produce music, without its being either good ar bad, thorough or flabby, adulterated or clear music. Every other stand-point toward music is the lazy one of the Philistine, just as much so whether it asks sufferance for operetta couplets or for mediocre folk-songs."

"The attempt," he said, "to give a style to youthful life, was made also by the Wandervogel; but this attempt miscarried: instead of a style it became a manner. The reason was that the Wandervogel in itself, just as the contemporaneous founding of country educational homes (Landerziehungsheime) signified a deed: the emancipation of youthful life from the yoke of convention. Its great conquest was also freedom, but it also did not know how to fill this freedom with creative imagination. And so only make-shifts and artifices remained for it. As little as the Landerziehungsheime had succeeded in developing the new youth-kultur out of the work of youth, the Wandervogel succeeded no better from the approach of freedom and play-motive. Only where both find each other on a higher level, and in higher unity, there begins the youth-kultur."

These are only notes. I have been wondering why a college could not be based on close comradeships.... was not the Greek relation between teacher and scholar something similar? But Wyneken warns against any attempt to copy Wickersdorff, for Wickersdorff is an idea in itself, and cannot be copied.

D. P. H.

Where It Is Hard to Forget

Many of us who are now students had just put away our dolls and roller skates when the war began. In a sublime state af adolescent naivete and romantic excitement we watched the whole pageant from the movies and the headlines. When "the boys" came marching home we had won; it was all over. And so, although we may have avoided a serious realization of what it was all about, perhaps we have escaped too the hate, the selfishness, and all the petty prejudices which so harassed the minds of those who were more fully conscious of the world's plight.

A few of us spent last summer in Germany. We did not go with the deliberate attempt to heal the breach bewteen two former enemies. We went because in Germany there is a small group of young people who are rather acutely conscius of certain fundamental things of which we are only vaguely aware. They have an idea of what they want life to be, and they are bravely living that idea in spite of the most appalling conditions of senseless reaction and economic distress.

And so we found that wars are not so easily laid aside and forgotten. The words, *reparation*, *treaty*, *disarmament*, *occupation* and so on, which to many of us had been merely terms in an economic and political discussion were producing something which was real and rather awful. These young people whom we came to know and to love are living in a hell. Some of us went without white bread during the war, grew potatoes in our front garden, or had to pay war taxes on theater tickets; but here are people who grew up surrounded and fed by fear, hatred and starvation. And these surroundings have not changed. All the institutions which seemed secure and permanent have rotted and decayed. Nothing remains but human beings, war-weary, hungry and desperate, not knowing what to do. The last letter I saw from Germany said: "Tendencies are crossing tendencies. The Eternal topsy-turvy is amazing. Nobody knows where he is going. Leading ideas are lacking. Wherever you go—exitement, trouble, hunger, helplessness—fear and violence." We say—"How awful!" and come home. But these people have to stay.

Hatred is easy in such atmosphere. One need not look far to find an object on which to vent that hate. Flaring posters show armed French soldiers trampling on German workmen; handbills broadcast hymns of hate so vehement that one shudders to read them. Restaurants and cafes contain signs saying "No French or Belgians will be admitted here." Nationalist students attacked and shipped out of the country a group of young French theologians who were there to study and meet German students. A young French woman whom we met in Bavaria was introduced by us as an American lest she be mobbed and injured. Stories of atrocities in the Ruhr, of assault by black troops and insults by French soldiers are innumerable. Yes, it is easy to hate. A sympathetic person cannot imagine himself similarly situated without feeling that something we dub "righteous indignation."

An effort to see through all this mess, to refuse to be swayed by propaganda or to be blinded by hatred seems to me almost superhuman. Yet this is something I saw often in Germany. I talked with one young man from the occupied territory who told me that the mayor of his village had just been thrown into prison, his father and mother were penniless and he himself would not be allowed to enter the territory for at least a month—because he was German. To him the Youth Movement meant an effort for peace. He and his group were convinced that nothing should make them fight again or assist others to do so.

In Marburg, I saw a card which the Catholic Youth Movement had sent to its members. It was a call to the young men to join a sort of pilgrimage to France and there offer their services free for the rebuilding of the devastated regions.

The aticle of Max Barth's which appears in this issue is characteristic of the attitude of many of the young workers toward the French. They see farther than that the Ruhr occupation may be blamed for the misery of their country. They see the whole thing as the result of a system which they have not made but which, nevertheless, wants to shape their lives; as they try to work out something in its place they recognize that France too is its creature.

People who went to the Freiburg Conference told a touching story of a young German of the Youth Movement who had walked all the way from his home—it had taken him some three days' steady walking to make it—he had only a loaf of "schwarz brot" for his food while he was there. From the little village where he lived he had collected some humble jewelry, rings and pins, perhaps some precious, family keep-sake—but these were to be given by him to the youth of France as an expression of fellowship and goodwill.

It is true these are only a few instances and these people may not be influential, but they are human and they show that such a spirit is possible.

And this in a country that is down and out, this among people who, from among the world's most powerful, have become miserable, penniless and starving.

L. P.

THE RUHR

The sentries at the frontier appeared to be normal, good-humored chaps—just average soldiers.

* * *

The main streets of Essen look quite normal, but——. We came in on a rickety trolley, the only line of communication between the city and the outside. No automobiles are allowed to run except those in the service of the army. Food supplies all have to come in on farmers' wagons.

On the side streets thousands of women fill the sidewalks, standing in line before the consumers' co-operatives, waiting for their ration of potatoes. They get ten pounds, when they are to be had. Then they step into another line and wait for meat—when it is to be had. Their whole day is thus taken; they have no time for house work.

The workers are taken into the shops and allowed to amuse themselves. This to keep them off the streets. The whole district, thicker with stacks than Pittsburgh, looks like a huge industrial grave-yard.

The French are running the railways with increasing success. More and more Germans are obliged to ride on them—the electric lines which are allowed to run take three times as long and cost three times as much; and time is very, very expensive.

* * *

There seems to be comparatively little uncontrolled cruelty on the part of the French. But the main plan to keep the Ruhr cut off from the Reich proceeds ruthlessly. Propaganda is pasted in all the streets to get the people to favor a separate republic. Separatists are almost unanimously despised, because there can be no question they are in the pay of the French; but every one is afraid to do anything against them.

We talked with the Krupp Workers' Council. All of them favor passive resistance, though for the most various reasons. Mostly it is due to suspicion that France means the occupation to be permanent, and the workers fear exploitation from France more than from Germany. Some believe that the German industrialists are sincerely with them in the passive resistance, but many think they are being made the pawns of a big game between the French on the one side and the Stinnes group on the other, and some think the French and Stinnes are hand-in-glove.

All of them would like to see the reparations payed off, so they could be rid of France. But they have no control over the resources.

One Account

Bochum, Sunday afternoon.

We had a terrible session of six hours with youth movement leaders, newspaper editors and miners' union leaders. The big question was passive resistance. John Stephens, (a splendid Quaker whom we met at Hellerau) Howard and I were trying to persuade them that the passive resistance should be carried out in the spirit of non-coercion. For my part, I came away humbled. They are having experiences we never had to go through. And I confess that when I am hungry, I am just as nervous and irritable as they are. These men are going through the depths. Under our window the French-manned trains were rumbling by: reality. Many of the men were pacifistic in their first revolution; they say it brought them no recognition, no help from us. After they overthrew the war-lords, they held out their hands to France, and were refused. In view of the action of America in her withdrawal, I had not even the heart to make the obvious answer that the Allies could not have known that this was not just a trick and a gesture. For I knew that in her prosperity and callousness following the war, America was not interested in German pacifism, sincere or insincere. She had been busy calling these men who sat before me Huns, and anyone who felt that they were human was stigmatized, pro-German.

There was nothing I could promise for my country.

It did not seem to us that the passive resistance on its present basis merited unquestioning moral support. It is not the kind of Gandhi. A present-day industrial population would be incapable of carrying through a religious idea like that of Gandhi. But this is true: the desperate heroism of this resistance, carried on against starvation and brutality, is a shout to heaven; and if the other nations pass it by as meaningless, they will surely suffer.

Essen

The youth movement groups here are the best organized and most practical we have seen in a long time. The older members have formed a committee of fellows about twenty to thirty years old, drawn from all the groups, to do the work that can be done in common.

It is quite an achievement. Jews and leaders of pure-race organizations work side by side. Nationalists, socialists, democrats and communists work together. It is as if representatives of the philosophy of the Ku-Klux and of the I. W. W. and the Association for the Advancement of Colored People were to work together in America.

They are trying not to found new schools, but to win teachers and pupils in the existing schools over to their idea. They are helping with the Ruhr Children's Relief.

Diary

Shoulder to Shoulder

By HOWARD BECKER
Northwestern University

When I returned to America some weeks ago with my mind numbed and baffled by the confusion, incoherence, despair, hate and utter chaos of the European muddle as seen from its focus, Germany, I put off my importunate questioners with words to this effect: "I cannot tell you anything definite that I have received from the whole dark, dreary mess. You must wait until the solution of impressions settles, until a precipitate appears, so to speak." Slowly, so slowly, at the cost of some bitter, painful thinking, a few particles of positive opinion have filtered out, and I have hopes of more to come. For the present, however, I must content myself and others with these few grains of seeming truth that I have to show for my three months with young Germans in their own country.

Unless I am unduly pessimistic, (or optimistic; suit yourself) all the phenomena attending the collapse of a culture are present in Germany today. This impression I have gained from many sources, among them being this: the very evident lack of any semblance of political unity. No one appears willing to merge factional differences for the common good except under the compulsion of stern necessity; my experience with the groups for political discussion at Hellerau and elsewhere, as I recall them, only strengthen this conviction. Next, the breaking down of old religious sanctions, which at their best created a tradition of forbearance and altruism, and at their worst a fanatical zeal for "Kaiser, Vaterland and Gott," (both of which made for a rough sort of unity) point the way toward the speedy dissolution of the remnants of the old spiritual culture that still exists. As a consequence of this political and religious collapse, all sorts of faddist and extremist cliques and sects are in evidence, each apparently striving to outdo the other in inanity.

Whether a consequence of the religious collapse or not, the ugly fact remains that a reversion to the crudest sort of individualistic ethics has taken place; it cannot be blinked away. It is increasingly true that in Germany, as elsewhere to a lesser degree, it is "Each man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost." As a result of this philosophy of life, and the inexorable operation of economic laws, (made still more rigid by the tactics of the great industrialists) the middle class of Germany, the oft-anathematized "petit bourgeousie," the backbone of any nation, including Russia, are being slowly wiped out. In spite of the triumphant "I told you so's" of the doctrinaire Marxists, and their comforting reassurance that such grinding out will hasten the day of that "holy last battle," I cannot look on this fact with equanimity. When doctors, lawyers, teachers, professors and surgeons are compelled to sell their instruments and libraries to seek shelter in the ranks of the proletariat, or to leave their country altogether, the future of that country seems black to folk like myself, who pin their hopes of a just social order on an enlightened and truly Christianized middle class which shall act as the leaven in producing that Utopia, that Kingdom of God on earth, if you please, toward which all decent men consciously or unconsciously bend their efforts.

The reasons for the breaking up of the old order are not far to seek. Of prime importance is the release of internal pressure within the Reich, which was caused by the revolution of 1918. An iron discipline and a steadily increasing centripetal force were wiped away in an instant; we all know what happens when a tense spring is suddenly released. And yet Germany might have gone through this necessary and beneficial period of transition without the presence of such terribly depressing elements as appear today had it not been for the wholly inexcusable pressure from without, which turned all the forces working in Germany in centrifugal, outward-tending channels, instead of inward-tending paths, so that today we have various sections of the unhappy country on the verge of breaking off from the hub and flying away altogether. I cannot for one moment condone or sanction the policy of the Allies since the war (my own country included) nor on the other hand can I excuse the hate which this policy has aroused in the breasts of the Germans. It is a terrible thought, yet it may be true that Germany must go through her Gethsemane in order to find her real self.

Raw Materials of Renaissance

"The Light in the Clearing" seems dim, doesn't it? At this very hour the hopes of mankind are burning low, flickering, wavering, on the verge of going out. I myself have lost my bouyant optimism, yet I can say this: in the Youth Movement are concentrated the raw materials for the coming Renaissance, the Renaissance that must come if humanity is to be saved from itself. In spite of the dissension, the petty bickering, the pre-occupation with politics (hate-breeding and damnably divisive), the presence of faddists, parasites and dilettanti, the puerile romanticism of adolescence, the strident shouts of "Klassen-Kampf," the dislike of Christianity (the liberal element of which would be the best friend of the Youth Movement, if not driven away with curses), I see in the steady, glowing heart of the Jugend-Bewegung a new spirit that, please God, shall pervade the world. There lives in it a divine discontent wth the foulness and lust of our conventional morality, a flaming rebellion against the schools that would shape it into the likeness of that old culture which drenched the world with blood, a bitter contempt for the industrial system which turns out as a by-product wrecked and broken lives, and an heroic defiance of the nationalism that would again tear out the hearts of men as offerings to the gods of Pride, Race and Power. "Nie wieder Krieg" (No more War) cries the Youth Movement, and means it to the last fiber of its being.

Dazed, blinded and utterly confused by the mad rush of events, the terrors of the War in Peace, and the contempt of a great part of the world, these young idealists have yet succeeded in casting out hate from their hearts, and at their conferences have reached out the hand of fellowship toward those who hate and distrust everything German, namely, the French nation. Signs are present that the friendly gesture has not gone unnoticed. Toward us of the United States, who have "knocked Germany into the gutter and then gone off and left her lying there," that hearty hand-clasp has also been extended. Are we to remain absorbed in our selfish pre-occupation, or are we to seize that hand (which is growing more wan and pallid every day) and reassure a despairing people that goodness, truth and beauty still exist, and that God is not dead? Let us do our part to hasten that glad day when "we stride on, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, singing the old song," the new song, the chant of a redeemed humanity. Nothing else matters. Let us fight the good fight, make the Great Adventure, and take the chance!

"Wann wir schreiten Sei an Seit,
 Und die alten Lieder singen,
Dass die Waelder wieder klingen,
 Fuehlen wir, es musz gelingen!
Mit uns zieht die neue Zeit!

The American young "radical" likes to apply the principles of the "new psychology" to "problems"; the typical young German of the youth movement draws inferences from the way the characters of Shakespere, Goethe, Wilde or Strindberg conducted themselves in a similar situation. Therein lies a profound difference.

We must apologize for the belated issuing of this number. Members of the "Mission" are scattered all along the way from Berlin to Witchita, Kansas. Arvia MacKaye and Helen Stedman have remained in Germany to do relief work during the winter. Others of the group have returned to their colleges so that some time has been necessary for them to adjust themselves, clarify their ideas of an incoherent experience and then make this final appearance as a group.

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The World's Youth

Someone will have to sweat blood if the youth movements of the world are to be described adequately. Mr. Bruno Lasker in the Survey emphasized the German section of it which looks like a romantic carnival, and now Mr. Stanley High* gives the impression that in the main it is a glorified reform campaign and religious revival.

Why is it that authors give the facts and talk the words about this movement, and yet seem so curiously to evade its spirit? It is because, first of all, it is something which cannot readily be grasped by people already set, and secondly, because those groups which are most sincere and profound do not have the slightest desire for exhibiting themselves for analysis, and finally, because the aims of the whole movement are so far-reaching, so rooted in black despair and in boundless hope, that the progressive, optimistic advancers of science mentioned in Mr. High's preface cannot measure it with their concepts.

For youth in its own right

What is the youth movement about, anyway? It is, first of all, a real battle for a real world, and a battle that *can be lost.* It suffers from no illusions about a fatalistic "evolution."

It grew quite unconsciously at first. Gradually the boys and girls discovered what their *Wandervogel* meant. They attended school, but school meant nothing in their real lives; they fled from it into the woods. This phase is least interesting to Americans, because our schools have never been Prussian in brutality.

The real Hohe Meissner

But it is a pity that, due to his pre-occupation with reform, Mr. High did not realize the greater significance of the *Hohe Meissner Day,* when by the work of Karl Wilker and others, and the dramatic summing-up of Dr. Wyneken, the "flight" of the thousands was arrested, and directed into an effort to capture the schools for Youth!

It never was intended by these youths to do away with "experience" and "authority"; but no argument could snatch away the intuition which told them unerringly that those "oldsters" who then sat in the seats of authority were a sorry lot to imitate, and that experience which led to such results was not worth the gathering.

The fight against friends

The Hohe Meissner Day finally gave the youth movement an enthusiasm and a direction; the big word was *Erziehung*—education. But it was not easily bought. The youth movement at first did not know what it really wanted, and so its friends commenced to advise it. Reformers, school principals, older people who maintained that the youthful attitude was not a matter of calendar years, and religious enthusiasts—all wanted to bring the movement into camp, to tie it safely to their own front doors. The youngsters gave an example that would benefit American students who are tempted by every kind of social service: they refused to be bought. It cannot be too rigidly said, that, contrary to the impression unintentionally given by Mr. High, the youth on the Hohe Meissner vigorously put aside the anti-alcohol agitators and the reformers, and based their attitude on an "inner freedom."

Only in this way did they keep themselves pure till they could find out what their own purpose was; only thus did they save themselves from an early death.

Youth leagues of the Elders

Most of the groups named by Mr. High are those tending to be dominated by grown-ups. They are easiest to see, because they are well-organized and financed. The Germans have a word for the *fully* controlled groups: *Jugendpflege,* paternalistic, protective care of youth that it may go in the right paths. Preeminently such are the Boy Scouts (*Pfadfinder*), the Catholic *Junglings- und Jungfrauen Vereinigungen Deutschlands,* the original nationalistc *Jugendbunde.* Not quite so tight are the politically oriented groups connected with the political parties. The *Arbeiterjugend,* "Working Youth," is much too subervient to the Socialist Party, the *Deutsch-Demokratischen Jugendvereine* are Sunday-schools to the Democratic Party, and the organized Communistic youth shouts for Karl Marx and the class conflict exactly as do it elders; it works with the narrow concentration and heat of the Jesuits.

Red Blood

Whence, then, does the power of the youth movement come? From small, independent, loosely organized groups which have not sold themselves, and which keep fertilizing the whole mass. Such are some of the *freie Proletarische Jugend* groups, one of which, at Nuremberg, is organized much like a Fabian Society, and influences all the workers' parties. Then there is the academic group formed around the *Weisse Ritter,* the "White Knight" periodical, strongly individualist and cultural; there are some of the *Jungsozialisten* who do not care for the materialistic philosophy of Marx; there is the *Quickborn* Catholic organization, which, though it is almost *Jugendpflege,* has leavened the whole movement with some of the cultural elements of Catholicism.

Even the party-controlled groups, influenced by the above, are unsteady in their allegiance. There is no doubt that a new attitude is springing up, and the parties cannot follow it. The instance mentioned in this paper by Miss Mackaye, of the wresting of the Freiburg Peace Conference out of the weak hands of the grown-ups into the strong hands of the youth, shows what sometimes happens. Marc Sagnier, the French deputy, was so overcome with joy at the virility of the German youth there, that he had his picture taken with every possible group, and invited them all to his castle!

Youth movement religion

Mr. High tells us that the youth movement in Germany is primarily religious, and the statement is correct. But I do not believe he is warranted in putting Christ into the middle of the picture. The spirit is essentially that of Jesus, but only a few of the groups are Christian. Here it would be necessary to understand the whole religious situation into which the organized churches have brought Europe.

Many in the youth movement, especially the proletarians, think we are at the death-bed of the Protestant Church of Germany. Perhaps it deserves to die. In one chapel we saw over the pulpit a picture of Christ, and on one side William I, on the other Hindenburg. (They were *not* supposed to represent the two thieves.)

The religion of the youth movement is intense, generous, dynamic; but it is not confessional. It centers around two poles: "der neue Mensch"—the new man, and "Gemeinschaft"— community. One leader expressed to me his admiration for Michelangelo's rendering of Christ arising from the grave. "See," said he, "he is a man, arising without the help of angels."

The three words

In all chaos of the conflicting youth groups, it is difficult to find the common strands. Like Whitman, I must warn against too strong a belief on the part of readers that they have grasped the meaning: in fact, it is impossible for us in America, who are too comfortable to have any religion.

Could the meaning of the youth movement be neatly summed up, it would not be worth the bother anyway.

Results

One comment more. The results are much larger than those listed by Mr. High. Opposition to movies and bad literature, yes; folk-dances, yes; personal hygiene, yes; but far byond that.

The erection of schools where youth can feel at home; the peoples' colleges all over Germany; Wickersdorff; the communal enterprise of the Christian colony at Habertshof; the similar attempt of the *Landsasser* at Leipsic; vacation schools such as those of Fritz Klatt; groups organized to go in and help rebuild northern France; the taking over of factory inspection and the like so far as it concerns youth; the slow permeation of schools not connected with the youth movement; above all, the discussion groups in preparation for leadership—these surely must be counted in.

—And yet the movement looks pitifully small, compared with its task!

The world of youth

Despite its inaccuracies and inadequacy, Mr. High's book should be read by American students. It shows how much stronger a part youth is taking elsewhere than here in the making of a world. It gives a sense of connection between us and others. It covers England, Germany, the Slavic countries, Latin America, China and Japan, and closes with an appeal for a league of youth. It show at least what an immense stir there is in the world of youth.

The author is handicapped, as I have suggested before, by his religious viewpoint, and he closes with the almost ludicrous hope that a man in official position might be found as leader. Someone will have to sweat blood if the meaning of the youth movements is to be brought to America.

D. P. H.

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* Stanley High, The Revolt of Youth, Abingdon Press.